

Summer Girl Wears Fur And Raises the Question As To Whether She Has Sense Enough To Vote.

YOU find yourself in New York City on a hot day. The mercury stands at ninety in the shade. The glare of the sun on the pavements is almost unbearable. There is no shade, no breath of air, no success of August. The very policeman on the corner, he of the cordial air and commanding hand, is as wilted as the geranium in a tomato can on a tenement's fire escape.



She Looks Precisely As If She Were On Her Way To Discover The North Pole All Over Again.

summer girl appears upon the scene. What she is doing in town so late in the season is another story and one that will probably never be told, but there she is in her hot weather dress. Her hot weather dress consists of a tailored suit of white corduroy. The coat is long and is tightly buttoned

across what is known in melodrama as her bustum. Drawn closely about her neck so as completely to envelop her chin is a box of white fox fur, upon her head is a broad white felt hat; her feet are encased in high boots of black patent leather. She looks precisely as if she were on her way to discover the North Pole all over again, or as if she were representing Russia in a ballet of all nations.

Undoubtedly, she is sustained by a high sense of her own smartness for though her face is of a lobsterish crimson color she smiles and smiles and is a victim still.

She's what you might call an illustration of the foolishness of fashion carried to the nth degree. She's the same girl incidentally, who last winter wore pumps and thin silk stockings. The fur of this summer really surpasses in foolishness the fads of other years. It is conceivable that at resorts in Canada, Maine, and other northern points there may be even- ings cool enough to render a fur boa not uncomfortable, but on the city streets, under a noonday sun, with the very asphalt quivering beneath the feet, fur around the neck should be an indictable offense because of the suffering it causes innocent observers.

The "fox" box is made of many things beside fox; indeed it is said that Master Reynard enters into few of those seen. Alas for the white coats, the white rabbits, the woolly white dogs that have been sacrificed to make a feminine holiday. No one can guess what the boxes which sell for \$150 are fashioned from, though there is a quaint family resemblance between them and the sheep that come in Noah's Ark that carries conviction with it.

Fur, if the fashion authorities are to be believed, is for a space to be with us both winter and summer. This winter our throats are to be snugged in fur collars to such a degree that it will not make any difference whether we have a chin or not. It is admitted by throat specialists that closely wrapping the neck induces tonsillitis and other ills, but what is that compared to the ultimatum of the fashion authorities that chins must be wrapped and collars be abnormally high.

"Sometimes," said the practical girl discussing furs and other frills, "I despise my sex. The members of it have no more gumption than a kitten chasing a tin mouse. We are always going to rebel against the mandates of some imaginative Parisian couturiers, but we never do."

"But there are a lot of sensible women like you," protested one of her listeners.

"Me," said the practical girl, "me. Why I've just arranged to sell my last winter's evening coat to an old clothes man to get the money to buy a fox box for myself. You know they are becoming," she added apologetically.

New Occupations for Women

OCCUPATIONS for women increase in number by leaps and bounds, so rapidly indeed that directly no feminine creature will have to pursue the unimaginative course of

keeping house for a husband or caring for her children. It's a far cry it must be admitted, from that antebellum period, when the only work ladies could do with self-respect was teaching school or keeping boarders.

The most recent addition to feminine pursuits is that of "city mother." It originated in Los Angeles, California. Indeed, Los Angeles is possibly the only municipality at this



To Her Office Come All Troubled Mothers.

time with a maternal parent. However, that one is probably busy enough for a dozen, for to her office are expected to come all troubled mothers and all ignorant and erring girls who need advice or protection.

The bureau is to be strictly confidential and is intended to keep offenders from having to face the morbidly curious crowds which throng Criminal Court rooms; it is to give social service aid to the morally afflicted in fact.

Mrs. Aletha Gilbert, who is this first city mother, was elected to the position by the City Council of Los Angeles, and with the approval of the Chief of Police, and though she is to have a board of women advisers it is doubtful if she will find her lot either particularly easy nor particularly happy. However, giving advice is the best thing that women do so the "city mother" may grow into a real profession.

The Price of Growing Thin

IGHING wearily the plump lady sank into a chair. "I have lost fifteen pounds this week," she said. At which the thin lady cried, irritably, "why couldn't I have found it," but was snubbed into silence with a single glance.

"I am pursuing," went on the plump lady with something closely resembling a groan, "a new method of reduction."

"Starving yourself of course," interrupted the thin lady, "there's no other way of losing flesh."

The plump lady regarded her with a malevolent eye. "That is just what I am NOT doing," said she in capitals. "I am living on the fat of the land. It's a new method as I said before, and it allows you to eat and grow thin. I heard about it from Marie. Marie lost sixty pounds in two months. She's a sylph now, and so proud that it's awful to be with her. I had tried all the other methods—all the ones that recommend a breakfast consisting of a tablespoonful of lemon juice and a glass of iced water, and a luncheon of five prunes and a graham cracker, and so when I heard of this one that permitted eating I was overjoyed. I bought the book at once."

"It does permit eating. It gives a number of menus which enumerate the viands patients are permitted. These include squabs, lobster, newburg, sweetbreads in various ways, partridges, French artichokes, endive, mushrooms, Alligator pears, Ham-bourgh grapes—all the things in fact which you see in fancy grocer's windows, put up in tissue paper and

elaborate baskets. "Give you my word it has cost me more to live, I have spent more on things to eat since I have been losing flesh than it did the whole time I was getting fat. It is cheap to get fat, cabbage and potatoes will do that for you at eight cents the meal; but to grow thin requires more money than



"Would You Mind If I Just Took One Bite?"

I can possibly afford."

"And you don't feel hungry; you are really allowed all you want to eat?" asked the thin woman suspiciously.

THAT it is a pleasant change from gilded and silvered radiators to white ones—steam and hot water radiators she means of course—and so she always paints those in her bath rooms and bed rooms white. Two coats of white paint and one of enamel gives them a surface that can be washed without doing any real harm, she says, and that so dressed up they look quite pretty.

THAT this is the season par excellence for pickling and so she offers the following recipes for chili sauce, without which no closet of winter goodies is complete: Twelve medium

The plump lady quailed under her glance. "Almost," she answered briefly to the latter question, and then her gaze grew animated as it rested on a small red object on a nearby table. "Why it's a tomato," said she fondly. "I'm allowed tomatoes. Would you mind if I just took one bite—," and without waiting for permission she fell upon that tomato and swallowed it alive.

"And then she says that she doesn't go hungry," sneered the thin woman to her neighbor in a sibilant whisper.

The Nasturtium Is Queen Now

ONE short row of nasturtiums in the garden at this time is worth all of the other flowers put together, they are so lovely in the dining room. Put a handful of them in a wide-mouthed green glass vase and you have a decoration that is as charming as any expensive bouquet of orchids could be.

Black and White Fad Continues

EVERYTHING may be had for the black and white room from the tiniest candle shade to the most exquisite wall paper. The shops are full of black and white pottery, wicker and cretonne. And the fad for these things will probably continue so long as the war demands its victims and humanity mourns.

cumbers, and pour over one gallon of boiling water in which one tablespoonful of alum has been dissolved. Let stand six hours, then drain from alum water. Cook cucumbers ten minutes, a few at a time, in one-fourth the following mixture heated to the boiling point and boiled ten minutes: One gallon vinegar, four red peppers, two sticks of cinnamon, two tablespoons of allspice berries, two tablespoons of cloves. Strain remaining liquor over pickles which have been put in a stone jar.

THAT a general rule for canning fruit without cooking is the following: Make a syrup and boil five minutes allowing one cup of sugar and one cup of water to each jar. Pare the fruit and pack whole in the jar, in each jar put one tablespoon of pure alcohol or brandy and pour in the hot syrup until brimful and seal.

THAT quince marmalade is made by grating or gridding the peeled and cored quinces fine; then to one cup of quince pulp adding two of water and two and a half cups of sugar. Boil an hour stirring often, and then pour into jelly glasses.

THE TOWNBREDS & their Country Place

By Edward Riddle Padgett.

BEFORE BREAKFAST

MR. TOWNBRED was flabbergasted. You could have knocked him down—actually—with a feather. There were a dozen things he wanted to say, but he couldn't utter one of them. So he just stood with his mouth open and stared.

"Isn't she a beauty!" exclaimed Mrs. Townbred.

Mr. Townbred gulped hard—it was the best he could do.

"But if you don't like her, Ruthvin, the man will take her back and give us another—as often as necessary—until you get one that does suit."

"Wh-wh-wh," began Mr. Townbred weakly. "Wh-where did you get the money to buy her, Frieda?"

Mrs. Townbred smiled. "Oh, I just sold two of those shares of 'war stock' of mine and the best thing I could think of to do with the money was to buy her for you." And she smiled again.

"Well," gasped Mr. Townbred. "I should say I do want her! But, really, Frieda, you shouldn't have spent the money that way—there are so many things you need and—"

bit of horseflesh! And Mr. Townbred was neither the one nor the other. On the contrary, he was "crazy" about his wife and, rather, imagined himself an enthusiastic horseman.

Lady Flirt was inspected and put through her paces from the time Mr. Townbred first saw her until dark. In fact, there was very little dinner eaten that evening in the Townbred household. And you may be sure, nothing but "horse" was talked until bed time.

"Honest," declared Mr. Townbred, out on the veranda, with the sun setting in a myriad of wonder colors in the west, "there isn't a thing I'd rather have than a horse. And she sure is a beauty! I'll bet you, Frieda, she'll put five years onto my life and—"

"Yes," laughed Mrs. Townbred, "if she doesn't cut it off short."

"And it's just the kind of exercise I've been needing," went on Mr. Townbred, with an answering smile. "I've been taking on a little more weight than I should lately—but riding will soon reduce that. Why, there's no reason why I shouldn't get in a good ride every morning, then have breakfast and catch the seven-thirty car to the city as usual. And just imagine how I'd feel after a week or so of that!"

"I don't know, Ruthvin," suggested Mrs. Townbred, "but I think you'd have to be up and dressed for riding by six o'clock each morning. Wouldn't it be better for you to come home early in the afternoon—instead of playing billiards, or dominoes or whatever it is you do play at the club? If you were home by half-past four, you could get in a splendid ride and have plenty of time to dress for dinner."

"Yes," answered Mr. Townbred doubtfully, "but the morning's the time to ride—when it's fresh and snappy and the sun's just up. It's so much more invigorating, you know. Oh, say! How about riding togs? I'll have to buy some tomorrow—shucks, then I won't be able to ride until the next morning, will I? Oh, well, I guess I can wait—there'll be so many mornings. And she smiled at his wife and took a long, comforting draw on his pipe.

And now the scene changes to the next morning. Time 6 A. M. with Mrs. Townbred looking in at the door and calling to her husband, his head buried in the pillows.

"Ruthvin—it's six o'clock. You must get up for your ride."

A cross between a groan, a moan and a grunt answered her.

"John has Lady Flirt all ready and waiting for you, dear."

This time, a distinct groan.

"Ruthvin, come, get up!" And Mrs. Townbred advanced into the room. "It's a fine morning, and the mare's so full of life John can scarcely hold her." By way of emphasis, she reached down and playfully shook her husband. Instantly from the bed came a snarl



"Some Horse! Some Horse!" Declared Mr. Townbred Gaily.

something was up for they barked and capered around as no self-respecting doggie does before he's had something to eat of a morning.

"Some horse! Some horse!" declared Mr. Townbred gaily as he came out on the back porch. "This is his life! I know I won't be gone over an hour—so you can have breakfast at seven sharp."

John gave him a "leg up" and Lady Flirt tossed her pretty head and pranced around quite impressively. Then, out of the yard and through to the road they whirled, with Mr. Townbred trying to remember what he had long since forgotten about "riding English."

SEASONABLE JOTTINGS

THE size of the sleeve increases apace, so much so that there seems danger of the old stiff-fenced sleeve—than which there was never anything uglier, or more inconvenient—coming back. Do you remember being pushed into your coat?

An epidemic of Italian fashions is freely predicted, with the vivid green of that country's flag as a sort of high-light of the season. Indeed one Parisian milliner is already offering an imitation of the hat worn by the Italian infantry to his feminine patrons. This is a jaunty shape, tilted far to one side of the head and ornamented with a thick crown of green goose feathers that sweep over and brush the cheek. Thank heaven the Scotch kilt has not yet come into general vogue. In the announcements sent out by the fashion makers it is said of the

new coats that they will be either very long or very short. We are to have no half measures here.

The newest sport hats are trimmed with wool flowers, and sprawling worked designs in wool—as ugly as they are smart.

Styles may come and styles may go but blue serge for school dresses for girls goes on forever. The models now shown are much like those of other days in that the blouse is of "Middy" shape with a sailor collar, and that the skirt is moderately full. Braid and buttons are used as trimming and the cost of these costumes remains low.

Where last winter it required six yards of material to make a gown this winter it will take twelve, with skirts four yards and more around, and big sleeves. Result—A much more expensive season when we can least afford additional expenditure.

LITTLE FABLES OF THE BUSINESS WORLD

THE SLIP-UP

THERE was once a Young Man who had been Looking Ahead to his vacation all summer while the rest of the Fellows in the Office had Taken Themselves by one and sort of Pitted him because he had been Picked as the Last to Go. And the longer he stayed and Bent over his Ledger the better that Vacation looked to him.

Also, though he hadn't Seen It that way at first, he presently began to Get Hoped to the fact that when he left on his the other Hombres in the Office would have had Themselves and he would therefore have more or less of the Drop on them. He meant to Rub It in, too!

He crossed Off each day on the Calendar and watched the Papers for Bargains in Socks, Straw Hats and Sport-shirts, better known as "Gerties." Nearly every evening he sat with the Hotel Booklet in front of him and looked at the Fencil Mark that indicated his room, facing the Ocean and Boardwalk. He had the R. R. timetable down by heart and he had even Written On engaging his Bath House for two weeks.

He was all Ready and Set to Go. But, alas, he didn't Go. Instead, on the Day Before—after he was All Packed Up, mind you, and had Laid in his Supply of Cigarettes—he got a Note from the Boss. He read it, read it over Again and then almost Blew Up. He tugged at his Collar, rubbed his Eyes and Gaped for Breath. Then he Said Something right out loud. After that he Said It Over Again. It helped a Little Bit.

The Note, it seems, asked him if he Would Mind putting off his Vacation as the Boss was going to Cut Loose and Make a few Changes around the Office right away and wanted Every one of his Employees present and On the Job. Moreover the Boss couldn't say Just When he would be able to Spare Our Young Hero for Said Vacation.

After the Fifty-Seven varieties of Conspicuous Fits were over with, and after he had used all the Strong Language he could Lay his Hands on, he sat himself down and Wrote the Boss a very Duttful Letter. In fact, being an Artful Cuss, he over did it. To read the Letter, you might have thought it was a Real Pleasure for him to be Left at the Post in this fashion and that this matter of his Vacation was a Mere Bag-of-Shells.

He sent it into the Boss by the office boy and waited for his Employer to come out and Fall on his Neck with Joy.

But the Boss did nothing of the sort. He read the Letter, Grunted and went on Outlining the Big Scheme to his Manager.

The Other Fellows in the Office told O. Y. H. that he was a Chump to let the Boss put anything like that Over

on him. They reminded him that he didn't Own the Business and that it wasn't his Look Out that the Boss had picked this time of the year to Start Something. The Boss was a Slave-Driver anyway, they said, and was just using him for a Good Thing.

But O. Y. H. merely Smiled and Looked Wise. He knew a Thing or Two, he did, and he had it All Mapped Out how the Boss would so Appreciate the Cheerful Way in which he had Deferred his Vacation that All Sorts of Nice Things might be Handled him by way of Recompense. Perhaps an Extra Week Off! Or maybe a Boost in the Pay Envelope! So he wasn't Worried.

But, as Time went on, he did kind of Hanker after that Vacation. And no Word came from the Front Office about it. Apparently the Boss had Forgotten. Finally O. Y. H. went up Real Nice and Polite and Asked About It.

The Boss looked up, Disturbed-like, and Grunted. He mumbled something to the Effect that he Was Running the Works and would Let him know. Whereupon, fearing that he had Made a Mistake, O. Y. H. backed out of the door marked "Private" and went Back to his Room.

Some three weeks later he was told he could Go.

But nary a word was there Anent any Extra Time; nor was there even a Swelling in his Pay Envelope.

Moreover, the Boss sent Word to him to be Back on Time—to the Minute—and not to Send in any Sick Call.

All of which Goes to Show that you Never Can Tell what a Boss will do. Some of them are Human and some of them are just Sensible Business Men!



He Got a Note From The Boss.